

Shalekhet: Fallen Leaves



Fallen leaves do not clink like this
beneath your feet - but these leaves
clank like steel plates in a breaker's yard
chattels and goods broken down beneath you
the continuous clatter punctuated
by light chimes faint cries - *shalekhet*.

Fallen leaves are russet crisp - they fly
but you - you melt slowly - your shapes
contort and blacken – your mouths
gasp in shafts of gaseous light.
I hear your screams
and I cannot walk over you.

On seeing the memorial installation 'Shalekhet': Fallen Leaves at the Jewish Museum in Berlin.

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